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1889-07-08

Letter from [John Muir] to [Louie S. Muir], 1889 Jul 8.

John Muir

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11 P.M.

Grand Hotel

San Francisco

July 8th 1889

Dear Lura no more news
Have managed to see none today.
I will send you a page or two of my
M.S. instead Which no doubt you
will like better Though some would
call it dull & boring - I wrote it last
night between 10 & 11 o'clock after finishing
my letter to you. By the way this makes five
letters to you such as they are & not
a line from you or even Wanda.

Tell Foon to sweep the roofs every day
to prevent accumulations of lint. & also
wet them with a few buckets of water. He has
not much else to do. Also try to get Morgan to
come out & put a new top on that Churny.
& tell Foon to be careful not to make larger
fires than necessary, especially not to burn paper or much
fine kindling to make sudden drafts -
Send 50 more 4's apples. Jim Lumsome. Tell Wanda.

Probably the latter part of the 31st page will have to be compacted for it is difficult to hold the attention of most readers so closely as to enable them to follow when one is describing the song of beauty coming from silent landscapes. Perhaps this will be better.

Yet how fine the beauty they send to us across the broad blue distances! & how mysterious the influence of that beauty ^{traveling on wings of Light - divine Love} - silent as to the outer sense, speeding ^{it} on its way.

Yet coming into our souls with celestial pomp & song to abide with us forever, ~~finding there a home made ready for its coming by~~

~~Divine Love~~

or thus {

It is 11 o'clock, & I'm tired & my critical taste is gone. The more I work on it the worse it may be. Good night

Coming into our souls with celestial pomp & song. Divine Love speeding it on its way to abide with us forever in homes prepared for its coming.

I am trying here to describe the trip from Victoria to Port Townsend: speaking of the lovely Archipelago of San Juan, & Mt. Baker & the grand mass of the Olympian Range. I have spoken of the inability of most people to get into close contact with mountains etc which gave rise to these ideas. Strange to say mostly entirely new to me though I have so long loved Landscapes & tried to describe them.

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"The opportunity has not yet come to me to explore these mountains, & to most of us never will come, at least in this life. And even if a fitting opportunity as to means & time & freedom ~~should~~ from other obligations should present itself, few have the requisite physical strength to wge a way up through these rugged solitudes. How good then, & how benevolent a thing it is that so much enjoyment may be derived from Landscapes a hundred miles away. As we gaze from the deck of the steamer, nothing of all the life of these Olympian

mountains is visible - the sleek wild animals with bright eyes that roam the woods, the birds, the vegetation, the myriads of creeping, flying, shining, rejoicing creatures - not a hair or feather of them is in sight, not a leaf or painted petal of all the flowers there, not one of all the glowing crystals of the ^{rocks} ~~snow~~ or of the snow. Yet how fine the beauty they send to us across the broad blue distances; & how mysterious the influence of that beauty! traveling on wings of Light, silent as to the outer sense, yet coming into our souls with celestial pomp & song, not as angels come to deliver divine messages & go away again, but to abide with us forever in these spiritual mansions of the mind, Divine Beauty finding there a home built for it & fitted for its reception by Divine Love